

THE MAN ON THE BOX

By HAROLD MacGRATH
Author of "The Grey Clock," "The Puppet Crown"

Copyright, 1904, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

"Scott Circle, and don't pommel that old nag's bones in trying to get there. I've plenty of time."

"I reckon I won't pommel him, sub. Skit! skit!" and the vehicle rattled out into broad Pennsylvania Avenue, but for the confusion and absurdity of its architectural structures, the handsomest thoroughfare in America.

Warburton leaned back luxuriously against the faded horse-hair cushions and lighted a cigar, which he smoked with relish, having had a hearty breakfast on the train. It was not quite nine o'clock and a warm October haze lay on the peaceful city. Here were people who did not rush madly about in the pursuit of riches. Rather they proceeded more soberly, even leisurely, as if they knew what the day's work was and the rewards attendant, and were content. Trucks, those formidable engines of commerce, neither rumbled nor thundered along the pavements, nor congested the thoroughfares. Nobody hurried into the shops, nobody hurried out. There were no scampering, yelling newsboys. Instead, along the curbs of the market sat bareheaded negro boys, some of them selling papers to those who wanted them and some sandwiched in between baskets of popcorn and peanuts. There was a marked scarcity of the progressive, intrusive white boy. Old negro mammies passed to and fro with the day's provisions.

Glancing over his shoulder, Warburton saw the capitol shining in the sun like some enchanted palace out of Wonderland. He touched his cap, conscious of a thrill in his spine. And there, far to his left, loomed the Washington monument, glittering like a shaft of opals. Some orderlies dashed by on handsome bays. How splendid they looked, with their blue trousers and broad yellow stripes! This was before the army adopted the comfortable but shabby brown duck. How he longed to throw a leg over the back of a good horse and gallop away into the great green country beyond.

The only things which moved with the hustling spirit of the times were the cables, and doubtless these would have gone slower but for the invisible and immutable power which propelled them.

But now he was passing the huge and dingy magic treasury building, round past the executive mansion with its spotless white stone, its stately portico and its plush lawns.

"Go slow, uncle; I haven't seen this place since I was a boy."

"Yes, sub. How d' y' like it? Wouldn't y' like to live in dat house, sub?"—the commodore grinned.

"One can't stay there long enough to please me, uncle. It takes four years to get used to it; and then, when you begin to like it, you have to pack up and clear out."

"It's de way dey goes, sub. We go eroun' Lafayette, er de yuh want t' see de wa, deap'tment, sub?"

"Never mind now, uncle; Scott Circle."

"Scott Circle she am, sub."

The old ark wheeled round Lafayette Square and finally rolled into Sixteenth street. When at length it came to a stand in front of a beautiful house, Warburton evinced his surprise openly. He knew that his brother's wife had plenty of money, but not such a plenty as to afford a house like this.

"Are you sure, uncle, that this is the place?"

"Dere's de Circle, sub, an' yuh can see de numb' for y' self, sub."

"How much do I owe you?"

"I reckon 'bout fifty cents 'll make it, sub."

Warburton gave him a dollar, marveling at the difference between the cab hire here and in New York. He grasped his case and leaped up the steps two at a bound, and pressed the bell. A prim little maid answered the call.

"Does Mr. John Warburton live here?" he asked breathlessly.

"Yes, sir."

"Fortunate John!" he cried, pushing past the maid and standing in the hall of his brother's household, unheralded and unannounced. "Jack!" he bawled.

The maid eyed the handsome intruder, her face expressing the utmost astonishment. She touched his arm.

"Sir!" she began.

"It's all right, my dear," he interrupted.

She stepped back, wondering whether to scream or run.

"Hi, Jack! I say, you old henpecked, where are you?"

The dining-room door slid back and a tall, studious-looking gentleman, rather plain than otherwise, stood on the threshold.

(and I am always ready to back this statement with abundant proofs!) rushed down and literally threw herself into Mr. Robert's eager, outstretched arms.

"Nancy!"

"Bob! Bob! you wicked boy! You almost break our hearts. Not a line in two months!—How could you? You might have been dead and we not know it!"—and she cried on his shoulder.

"Come now, Nancy; nonsense! You'll start the color running out of this tie of mine!" But for all his jesting tone, Mr. Robert felt an embarrassing lump wriggle up and down in his throat.

"Had your breakfast?" asked the humane and practical brother.

"Yep. But I shouldn't mind another cup of coffee."

And thereupon he was hustled into the dining-room and pushed into the best chair. How the dear women fussed over him, pressed this upon him and that; fondled and caressed him, just as if the beggar was worth all this trouble and love and affection.

"Hang it, girls, it's worth being an outlaw to come to this," he cried. He reached over and patted Nancy on the cheek, and pressed the young wife's hand, and smiled pleasantly at his brother. "Jack, you lucky pup, you!"

"Two years," murmured Nancy; "and we haven't had a glimpse of you in two long years."

"Only in photograph," said the homeless one, putting three lumps of sugar in his coffee because he was so happy he didn't know what he was about.

"And you have turned 28," said Kit, counting on her fingers.

"That makes you 24, Nan," Jack laughed.

"And much I care!" replied Nancy, shaking her head defiantly. I've a sneaking idea that she was thinking of me when she made this declaration. For if I didn't care, why should she?

"A handsome, stunning girl like you, Nan, ought to be getting married," observed the prodigal. "What's the matter with all these dukes and lords and princes, anyhow?"

An embarrassed smile ran around the table, but Mr. Robert missed it by several inches.

Jack threw a cigar across the table. "Now," said he, "where the deuce did you come from?"

"Indirectly from Arizona, which is a synonym once removed for war," Jack looked at his plate and laughed; but Mrs. Jack wanted to know what Bob meant by that.

"It's a word used instead of war, as applied by the late Gen. Sherman," Jack replied. "And I am surprised that a brother-in-law of yours should so far forget himself as to hint it even."

"By the way, Jack," said my hero, lighting the cigar and blowing the first puff toward the ceiling, his face admirably set with nonchalance, "do you know of a family named Annesley—Col. Annesley?" I knew it would take only a certain length of time for this question to arrive.

"Col. Annesley? Why, yes. He was in the war department until a year ago. A fine strategist; knows every in and out of the coast defenses, and is something of an inventor; lots of money, too. Tall, handsome old fellow."

"That's the man. A war volunteer?"

"No, a regular. Crippled his gun-fingers in some petty Indian war, and was transferred to the department. He was a widower, if my recollection of him is correct; and had a lovely daughter."

"Ah!" There was great satisfaction evident in this syllable. "Do you know where the colonel is now?"

"Not the faintest idea. He lived somewhere in Virginia. But he's been on the travel for several years."

Robert stirred his coffee and took a spoonful and dropped the spoon.

"Pah! I must have put in a quart of sugar. Can you spare me another cup?"

"Annesley?" Nancy's face brightened. "Col. Annesley? Why, I know Betty Annesley. She was my roommate at Smith one year. She was in my graduating class. I'll show you her picture later. She was the dearest girl! How she loved horses! But why are you so interested?"—slyly.

"I ran across them coming home."

"Then you met Betty! Isn't she just the loveliest girl you ever saw?"

"I'm for her, one and indivisible. But hang my luck, I never came within a mile of an introduction."

"What? You, and on shipboard where she couldn't get away?" John threw up his hands as a sign that this information had overcome him.

"Even the captain shied when I approached him," said Robert, gloomily.

"I begin to see," said the brother. "See what?"

"Have a match; your cigar has gone out."

Robert relighted his cigar and puffed like a threshing-machine engine.

John leaned toward Nancy. "Shall I tell him, Nan?"

come an old maid, do you?"

"When did it happen?"—helplessly. How the thought of his sister's marrying horrifies a brother! I believe I can tell you why. Every brother knows that no man is good enough for a good woman. "When did it happen?" Mr. Robert repeated, with a look at his brother, which said that he should be held responsible.

"Last week."

Robert took in a long breath, as one does who expects to receive a blow of some sort which can not be warded off, and asked: "Who is it?" Nancy married? What was the world coming to, anyhow?

"Charlie Henderson,"—timidly.

Then Robert, who had been expecting nothing less than an English duke, let loose the flaming lions of his righteous wrath.

"Chuck Henderson?—that duffer?" (Oh, Mr. Robert, Mr. Robert; and after all I've done for you!)

"He's not a duffer!" remonstrated Nancy, with a flare in her mild eyes (How I wish I might have seen her as she defended me!) "He's the dearest fellow in the world, and I love him with all my heart!" (How do you like that, Mr. Robert? Bravo, Nancy! I may be a duffer, true enough, but I rather object to its being called out from the housestops.) And Nancy added: "I want you to understand distinctly, Robert, that in my selection of a husband you are not to be consulted."

This was moving him around some. "Hold on, Nan! Drat it, don't look like that! I meant nothing, dearie; only I'm a heap surprised. Chuck is a good fellow, I'll admit; but I've been dreaming of your marrying a prince or an ambassador and Henderson comes like a jolt. Besides, Chuck will never be anything but a first-rate politician. You'll have to get used to cheap cigars and four-ply whisky. When is it going to happen?"

"In June. I have always loved him, Bob. And he wants you to be his best man."

Robert appeared a bit mollified at this knowledge. "But what shall I do after that?" he wailed. "You're the only person I can order about, and now you're going the other side of the range."

"Bob, why don't you get married yourself?" asked Mrs. Warburton. With your looks you won't have to go far nor begging for a wife."

"There's the rub, sister mine by law and the admirable foresight of my only brother. What am I good for but ordering rookies about? I've no business head. And it's my belief that an army man ought never to wed."

"Marry, my boy, and I'll see what can be done for you in the diplomatic way. The new administration will doubtless be republican, and my influence will have some weight,"—and John smiled affectionately across the table. He loved this gay lad opposite, loved him for his own self and because he could always see the mother's eyes and lips. "You have reached the age of discretion. You are now traveled and a fairly good linguist. You've an income of \$4,500 and to this I may be able to add a berth worth \$2,000 or \$3,000. Find the girl, lad; find the girl!"

"Honestly, I'll think it over, Jack."

"Bob, there's a ball at the British embassy to-night. You must go with us."

"Impossible!" said Robert. "Remember my leg."

"That will not matter," said Mrs. John; "you need not dance."

"What, not dance? I should die of intermittent fever. And if I did dance, my leg might give out."

"You can ride a horse all right," said John, in the way of argument.

"I can do that easily with my knees. But I can't dance with my knees. No, I shall stay at home. I couldn't stand it to see all those famous beauties, and with me posing as a wall-flower."

"But what will you do here all alone?"

"Play with the kid, smoke and read; make myself at home. You still smoke that Louisiana, Jack?"

"Yes,"—dubiously.

"So, now, don't let me interfere with your plans for to-night. I haven't been in a home in so long that it will take more than one night for the novelty to wear off. Besides, that nurse of yours, Kit, is good to look at,—a bit of the rogue in his eye."

"Bob!"—from both women.

"I promise not to look at her; I promise."

"Well, I must be off," said John. "I'm late now. I've a dozen plans for coast defenses to go over with an inventor of a new carriage-gun. Will you go with me, while I put you up at the Metropolitan, or will you take a shopping trip with the women?"

"I'll take the shopping trip. It will be a sensation. Have you any horses?"

"Six."

"Six! You are a lucky pup: a handsome wife, a bouncing boy, and six horses! Where's the stable?"

"In the rear. I keep only two stablemen; one to take care of the horses and one to act as groom. I'm off. I've a cracking good hunter, if you'd like a leg up. We'll all ride to Chevy Chase Sunday. By-by, till lunch."

Mr. Robert immediately betook himself to the stables, where he soon became intimately acquainted with the English groom. He fussed about the harness-room, deplored the lack of a McClelland saddle, admired the English curbs, and complimented the men on the cleanliness of the stables. The men exchanged sly smiles at first, but these smiles soon turned into grins of admiration. Here was a man who knew a horse from his oiled hoofs to his curried forelock.

"This fellow ought to jump well," he said, patting the sleek neck of the hunter.

(To Be Continued.)

Mistress (to colored cook)—"Maria, is your little girl a bright child?" Maria—"Deed she am. Sometimes Ah thinks she a little too shiny."

Denver Post.

WHY EIGHT-DAY

MALT IS BEST

This Process Gets All of the Food Value of the Barley Into the Malt.

The usual four-day process of making malt for brewing may be compared to the unnatural rapid growth of grain planted in midsummer. It makes malt quickly, but at the sacrifice of the vital food quality of the grain.

Malt, as most of our readers probably know, is the life, the substance of beer, and the food value of any beer depends on the richness of the malt from which it is made.

Pabst exclusive eight-day malt is made in Nature's own way, by slow growth of the barley. All of the food value of the barley is thus retained in Pabst eight-day Malt, and makes Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer the richest beer in food strength.

Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer is always pure and clean. The choicest hops and chemically pure water are used with Pabst eight-day malt in the brewing. All the money in the world could not buy better, purer ingredients. The entire Pabst process is famous among physicians and scientists for its positive cleanliness. From the mashing of the eight-day malt until the finished product is poured into your glass Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer never comes in contact with anything that is not absolutely clean. It is fermented in sealed tanks into which no impurity can enter. It is run through sterilized tubes and pipes, stored for months in sterilized hermetically sealed storage tanks and pasteurized after being bottled.

This exclusive process places Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer beyond the possibility of contamination. It comes to you perfect in age, purity and strength, the best beer brewed.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL

EXCURSION BULLETIN

Paris, Ky.—Grand Commandary Knights Templar of Kentucky. Dates of sale May 21st and 22nd, limit May 25th, 1906. Rate for the round trip \$12.75.

Louisville, Ky.—Home Coming Week of Kentuckians. Dates of sale June 11th 12th and 13th, 1906 limit June 23rd; by paying fee of 50 cents tickets can be extended to thirty days from date of purchase Rate for roundtrip \$6.95.

Greenville, S. C.—General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in U. S. Date of sale May 14, 15 and 16, 1906, return limit May 31. Limit can be extended to June 15, 1906 by paying fee of 50 cents. Rate for round trip \$18.15.

St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minn.—Biennial meeting General Federation of Women's clubs: Date of sale May 28, 29, 30 and 31, 1906; return limit June 9, 1906; tickets can be extended to July 15, by paying a fee of \$2. Rate for round trip \$21.60.

Prohibition party of Kentucky—meeting at Louisville May 31st to June 1st. For this occasion the Illinois Central railroad has authorized a reduced rate of one and one-third fare plus 25 cents for the round trip on the certificate plan.

Delegates should purchase one-way tickets at full fare and procure a certificate from the ticket agent, which, when signed by the secretary of the meeting, will entitle him to one and one-third fare plus 25 cents, good returning until June 5th.

Nashville, Tenn.—Thomas Memorial Week. Date of sale May 21st to 26th inclusive, 1906, return limit five days from date of sale, but not later than May 28th, 1906. Rate for round trip \$5.25, which includes admission to the Ryman Auditorium.

Boston, Mass.—American Medical Association and the First Church of Christ Scientist. Dates of sale May 31st to June 9th, inclusive, 1906, final limit June 18th; by paying fee of \$1, tickets can be extended to July 15th 1906. Round trip rate one regular first-class fare via route of ticket plus \$1.00.

New Haven, Conn.—Annual convention Knights of Columbus: Dates of sale June 2, 3, 4, 5, 1906, final limit June 9 with the privilege of extension to June 30 by paying a fee of \$1. Round trip rate one regular first class fare via route of ticket plus \$1.

Asheville, N. C.—Southern Students conference Y. M. C. A. and southern conference Y. W. C. A. Dates of sale June 7th, 8th and 9th, 1906, limited to June 27th, 1906. Round trip rate \$15.25.

Hot Springs, Va.—Southern Hardware Jobbers' Association and American Hardware Manufacturers' association. Dates of sale June 9th, 10th and 11th, 1906, limit June 19th. Round trip rate \$20.85.

Nashville, Tenn.—National Sunday School Congress and National B. Y. P. N. chautauqua (colored). Dates of sale June 11th and 12th, 1906. Limit June 30th. Round trip rate \$4.75.

J. T. DONOVAN, Agent, 510 Broadway.

R. M. PRATHER, Ticket Agent, Union Depot, Paducah, Ky.

"That's a very good-natured crowd at the ball game, isn't it, George?" "I guess it is, my dear—when the umpiring suits it. But why do you think it's good natured?" "I noticed that whenever I asked any question about the game everybody laughed."

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

TO LET

Several superior offices on second and third floors of our building, provided with heat, water, light, electric elevator and modern sanitary arrangements.

Prices lowest in city for similar offices—double offices especially adapted for dentists.

American-German National Bank
227 Broadway

Fans! Fans!

See Us For
CEILING AND BUZZ FANS

Foreman Bros. Novelty Co.

Incorporated
121-123 N. Fourth St. Phones 787

CITY TRANSFER CO.

Now located at
Glauber's Stable.

We are ready for all kinds of hauling.
TELEPHONE 499

MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS

They overcome Weakness, irregularity and omissions, increase vigor and banish "pains of menstruation." They are "LIFE SAVERS" to girls a womanhood, aiding development of organs and body. No known remedy for women equals them. Cannot do harm—life becomes a pleasure. \$1.00 PER BOX BY MAIL. Sold by druggists. DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

SOLD BY ALVEY & LIST AND C. C. KOLB, PADUCAH, KY.

Picture Frame Contest

Nickles were counted Saturday night at 9 o'clock. Miss Mabel Berry, of 1435 South Fourth street, counts 190, the correct number, and gets the beautiful gold frame.

School children can get the game of Jacks if they call at

THE
Paducah Music Store
Phone 1513, 428 Broadway

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH Dr. King's New Discovery

FOR CONSUMPTION, COUGHS AND COLDS

Price 50c & \$1.00 Free Trial.

Swiftest and Quickest Cure for all THROAT and LUNG TROUBLES, or MONEY BACK.

Evansville, Paducah and Cairo Line.

(Incorporated.)

Evansville and Paducah Packets.

(Daily Except Sunday.)

Steamers Joe Fowler and John S. Hopkins, leave Paducah for Evansville and way landings at 11 a. m.

Special excursion rate now in effect from Paducah to Evansville and return, \$1.00. Elegant music on the boat. Table unsurpassed.

STEAMER DICK FOWLER

Leaves Paducah for Cairo and way landings at 8 a. m. sharp, daily except Sunday. Special excursion rates now in effect from Paducah to Cairo and return, with or without meals and room. Good music and table unsurpassed.

For further information apply to S. A. Fowler, General Pass. Agent, or Given Fowler, City Pass. Agent, at Fowler-Crumbaugh & Co's office. Both phones No. 33.

Longform

FOR PAINLESS
TOOTH PULLING

Dr. E. G. Staupers

Dentist

309 Broadway

Paducah.

ST. LOUIS AND TENNESSEE

RIVER PACKET COMPANY.

FOR TENNESSEE RIVER.

STEAMER CLYDE

Leave Paducah for Tennessee River

Every Wednesday at 4 p. m.

A. W. WRIGHT Master

EUGENE ROBINSON Clerk

This company is not responsible for invoice charges unless collected by the clerk of the boat.

DRAUGHON'S Business Colleges

(Incorporated.)

PADUCAH, 312-316 Broadway, and NASHVILLE

27 Colleges in 15 States. POSITIONS secured or money REFUNDED. Also teach by MAIL. Catalogue will convince you that Draughon's is THE BEST. Call or send for

ABRAM L. WEIL & CO

GAMBELL BLOCK

Telephones: Office, 369; Residence, 724

INSURANCE

WAGON YARD

I have leased the Nelson Wagon Yard, corner Third and Clark. Best accommodations in the city. Give me a call.

CHAS. J. ATWOOD

Henry Mammen, Jr.</